

Half Life - Life before death.

by Genocide

Category: Half-Life

Genre: Adventure, Drama

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2002-07-18 16:51:22

Updated: 2002-07-18 16:51:22

Packaged: 2016-04-26 21:59:19

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 616

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Ct's vs T's mostly. Lots of action. Ch 1 up.

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"AHHH!" I heard. I looked over my shoulder and saw Jon on the ground with a bullet wound in his back. Behind him stood a short terrorist with a MP5 Navy in his hands. I brought up my M4A1 rifle and fired off a whole clip into the mans body. I reloaded my gun as he fell to the ground. Suddenly I heard foot steps behind me; I darted behind a large crate and pulled out my knife. As the man ran past the crate to see what had happened I jumped up and slit his throat. He too fell on his knees and then on his stomach. I set my weapon on the ground and pulled a radio from me belt, "Stephen you got that gate open yet?" I asked. "Almost, just give me another minute," He told me. I placed the radio back into my belt and picked up my rifle. Sitting behind the crate I waited for the gate on the other side to open. When it finally did I stood up and ran along the wall side to the small one man gate. I slightly leaned into the opening to look for scouts. Just then a voice came on my radio, "I would like to inform you that your team mate has been killed, soon you too shall meet him in hell." I pulled the radio out of my belt and spoke to the voice, "You seem to be mistaken. You see you are the one going to hell." "We will see," the voice said, then a shot was fired and I was sure I wouldn't be talking to him for a bit more. I dropped the radio beside the bottom of my black jeans. I wiped my hand on my navy blue t-shirt and then slid it through my dark brown hair. I ran through the gate and behind a small building. Noticing that there was an open window beside me I took one glance in and then leaped through. I searched through the building, finding only a key card and a laptop. I laid the laptop on a desk and turned it on. After a few minutes of searching through it I found plans to attack some cities in the south and plans to build a new type of weapon. I pulled out my night hawk handgun and made sure it was loaded. Taking off my back pack I noticed that I only had 35 more shots with my M4A1. *Oh crap!* I thought to myself. I slid the laptop inside the backpack and placed it back on my back. Suddenly the door burst open; I quickly turned around and aimed my night hawk

at the figure. Before I could pull the trigger the man whispered, "Mathew wait! It's me, Stephen." "Sorry man. Hey try to be a bit quieter. Someone might hear you," just as I said that the siren started. "Great, lets go!" Stephen practically yelled. I stood up and we both ran out of the building. Noticing the gate was starting to close I ran as hard as I could, but before I could get through I was stuck in the left shoulder by an AWP sniper rifle. I screamed in pain as I flew through the air. Luckily I made it through the gate before I closed all the way. I got back up and started running again. After a minute of running we finally made it to the road where two hummers met us. We both got in and we rushed back to headquarters.

End
file.